

## The Bloomfield Times.



NEW BLOOMFIELD, PENN'A.

Tuesday, January 4, 1870.

## To Our Readers.

Our effort to furnish a family newspaper which should be independent upon political subjects, has met with such good success, that we feel warranted in increasing the size of our paper without making any change in the price. We have added to our list of subscribers very many new names and hope to add still more; therefore it may not be out of place to here state what course we intend to pursue throughout this volume.

By an independent paper, we do not mean a neutral one; for while we shall not advocate the interests of any party, we shall claim and exercise the right to support every measure which we think calculated to promote the public good, or to criticize the acts of men in official positions regardless of party favor. In each number we will give a full report of local and miscellaneous news, and the market price current. The remainder of our space we shall endeavor to fill with stories, anecdotes, agricultural intelligence, and such a variety of interesting reading matter, that its visits will be anxiously looked for by every reader. All who feel disposed to aid in supporting a paper of this kind, are requested to send us a dollar and have their names placed upon our subscription list.

## Reduction of the Debt.

The following figures are from the *Tribune*, showing the headlong speed with which the country is forced to liquidate its immense debt:—

Reduction from March 1, 1869.....	\$71,902,325.00
Reduction per month.....	7,989,261.00
Reduction per week.....	1,843,680.00
Reduction per day.....	292,421.63
Reduction per hour.....	10,934.23
Reduction per minute.....	182.23
Reduction per second.....	3.04

This at first sight seems all very well, but is there not such a thing as paying too fast for the good of the country? It seems to us that too much haste to pay the public debt may be of great damage to the business interests of the country, and in the end, actually retard rather than hasten that desirable object.

SINCE the issue of our last paper another prominent man has been removed by the hand of death. On the 28th ult., Edwin M. Stanton died quite suddenly at his residence in Washington. The news of his death following so close upon the news of his appointment and confirmation as one of the judges of the supreme court took the country by surprise.

The death of no public man, since the murder of President Lincoln, has called forth so general an expression of regret for the loss, and sympathy for the family of the deceased.

DURING the two past weeks Gold has been quite steady at about 120, varying only a trifle. There have been several strong attempts to raise the premium but without success. The fact is that the large amount of gold in the Sub-Treasury over the wants of the Treasurer for payment of interest, and the decreased demand owing to the small importation of Foreign goods, coupled with the fact that the amount of Cotton for exportation the coming season will be very large, renders it very probable that the premium will fall still further. Many, even predict that 115 will be the quotation before next March.

## Singular Accident.

A singular accident and one that caused the greatest excitement in the quiet town of Winchester, Mass., occurred recently. A man named Wing has been employed a few days past in repairing or rebuilding a well upon the premises of Mr. Cameron. Monday he was at work about thirty feet below the surface, at the bottom of the well, laying brick, with which the well was to be built. He is a man weighing over two hundred pounds, of large frame.

He was standing in the water and sand at the bottom, and insensibly to himself, gradually sank until he discovered that his feet and legs, nearly to the knee, were embedded in quick sand. He made repeated attempts to move, but found that he stuck fast. Those at work at the mouth of the well were informed of the fact, and the rope was fastened about him, and an attempt made to pull him out by the aid of a windlass at the top. They were unable to move him at all, and the pain to him was so acute that they were compelled to desist. Ropes were then arranged so that he should not sink any deeper, and attempts were made to dig him out. The well being small and Mr. Wing very large, no one could get inside the brick work to assist him, and he had been compelled to do all the digging himself with pails or cups, passing them as he filled them to some one above.

The sand constantly filled in as he dug it out, and in this condition he remained all the night. Refreshments and stimulants were sent down to him, and he was alive and in as good spirits next morning as a man could be expected to be under such circumstances. A colored man worked in the well eight hours Monday night, assisting the unfortunate man to extricate himself. At about three o'clock the fire bells of the town were rung, and in that way a relief was obtained for the men during the night. The first train to Boston bore a gentleman in quest of some professional miners, who might possibly suggest some quick method of release. On their arrival at the scene of operation, these gentlemen immediately ordered some piles to be driven about him, in order that the adhesive and contracting properties of the sediment might meet with some resistance. This was partially accomplished, when it was found that one leg of Mr. Wing was getting loose, and after some boring with long augurs, and a constant pulling upward of the entire body by means of the windlass above, the limb was cleared, amid much cheering from the crowd who surrounded the well at the imminent risk not only of meeting a fate similar to that of the man whom they were endeavoring to rescue, but also of breaking their necks.

This was at eleven o'clock. The wood driven into the clay so relieved the pressure upon Mr. Wing's body that one hour and a half later he was pulled up and placed on terra firma, though in a very exhausted condition.

He was instantly conveyed to Mr. Cameron's house, and Dr. Windsor and Mr. Cameron endeavored to restore the benumbed limbs. Fortunately the well water, though intensely cold, had not the slightest particle of frost in it, else very serious consequences would have followed—even a short confinement. He is now doing well, and the physicians apprehend no serious injury from his incarceration of twenty-one and a half hours.

## A Man Shot Dead by a Woman.

At Ironton, on the evening of the 21st ult., a young man, named Pres Baker, charged with wronging Elizabeth McQuig, was shot and killed by her. Immediately after the shooting she gave herself up to Esquire Mathews. Her brother, John McQuig, was also arrested, charged with the same crime. Both were committed to jail. The girl's story is, that she waited for him to make her the only reparation in his power, which he has refused doing. Hearing it rumored that he was going to be married, she determined to compel him to do her justice. Her brother and herself met him; she asked him what he intended doing; he replied "Nothing." She then told him he must go with her and marry her at once. On his refusal to do so, she fired two shots, one taking effect in his breast. He lived long enough to say to his father that it was the brother John who shot him. The girl persists that it was she, and that she alone ought to suffer. Public feeling is divided as to the justice of the killing, and nothing can be said until all the facts are brought out in the trial.—*Cincinnati Times*.

## Remarkable Discovery of Murder.

At the December term of court in Nodaway Co., Mo., Solomon McAlpine was tried for the murder of John Callcott, the deed being committed over two years ago, and having only recently been discovered, in quite a singular manner:

In August, 1866, these two young men left Hollyville, Iowa, to come to St Joseph to buy apples, expecting to load their wagon here and return to Iowa to sell their fruit. Not long after—some few days, we believe—McAlpine returned to Hollyville, told some plausible story about his partner having made other arrangements and gone on to St Joseph, and for some time no further notice was taken of the matter. The continued absence of Callcott, and the fact that nothing was heard from him finally induced the arrest of McAlpine; but on his examination nothing was elicited criminating him, and he was discharged.

A long search for Callcott proved unavailing and for eighteen months a profound mystery enveloped the case. In March, 1868, a party of railroad engineers, surveying the route of the Missouri Valley Railroad, some six miles northeast of Maryville, found the skeleton of a man. An investigation aroused the suspicion that it was the remains of Callcott. The authorities in Iowa were written to, and witnesses were brought down. The mother of Callcott recognized a bony protuberance on the chin of the skeleton; also, the absence of a tooth drawn on the day he started on his fatal trip, and his mother preserved the tooth. It fitted the jaw of the skeleton, and a dentist testified it had been drawn from the orifice. Pieces of a blue coat and several peculiar buttons were found near the skeleton. These were recognized as resembling parts of Callcott's dress when he left home. There were three bullet holes in the skull.

The identification was so complete that McAlpine was rearrested; and after several continuances the case came to trial last Monday, and resulted in the conviction of the prisoner. The Judge instructed the jury that any facts or want of proof mitigating the crime from murder in the first degree need not restrain their rendering a verdict of murder in the second degree, or man slaughter. The jury, after due deliberation brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

## A Petrified Body.

While removing the bodies from the old to the new cemetery, south of Saginaw City, the men engaged in the task of disintering came across a petrified body. It was that of a female, and the inscription on the headstone was 'Mary, wife of J. Malden, died April 21, 1860, aged eighty years, one month and one day.' The workmen, in digging the grave, struck the coffin, which was partially decayed. The surrounding soil was dark, gravelly and friable. The box was lifted to the surface when its great weight was noticed. One of the workmen claimed that it emitted a stench, which failed to effect the other. A shovel was inserted in the box, when it struck something hard—a hard substance.

On opening the coffin a human form was discovered; the face which was first examined, was covered with a very dark brown mould. When this was removed it left a surface smooth and whiter than flesh.

The body was struck with a hammer, producing a hollow metallic sound. To lift it required the strength of several men. Mary Malden, of whom this petrified body is the remains, was well known in Saginaw City, ten or twelve years ago.

## A Snake Story.

The Ironton (Ohio) Register vouches for the truth of the following incident: Levi Henry recently shot and killed a black snake five feet long on the hills back of town. Observing an enlarged appearance about the centre of the body, he concluded that the snake had swallowed something, which was yet undigested, so he cut the reptile open to ascertain the nature of the object. This fact revealed no less than one of those false, china eggs, just the size of an ordinary hen's egg. The philosophy of the thing is, that the snake had been robbing hen's nests and finding this in one, did not discover the true nature of the inviting viand until it was everlastingly too late. The reptile had probably swallowed the china egg some time ago, as the tensioned part of the body was hard and white. The egg resting so heavily upon the creature's stomach, was probably what prevented it from entering on the winter's doze.

## THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF

## THE BLOOMFIELD TIMES

YE WORTHY Patrons of the Bloomfield Times:

The Carrier Boy, with inartistic rhymes, In unpretending verse, brings you his cheer, And kindest wishes for the glad new year! And though the measure and the rhyme be bad, Suggestive, too, of "poetry gone mad," Yet the sentiments expressed, he hopes will find A willing welcome in the liberal mind; To the illiberal he need only say:—"Tis his first effort that he brings to-day"

Minerva bounded into life, 'tis said, Full grown and armed from great Jove's regal head; And Venus, as we find in classic tome, Came to the light full formed from ocean's foam; But neither gods nor men, nor great nor small, Are born, to-day, as men or gods at all, And Topsy hit it, and expressed the mode Of all existence when she said she 'grov'd.' And thus, dear critic, look for Milton's page Among the poets of like skill and age. As for your carrier—his fondest dream Aspires not to the language nor the theme Of those beyond his years; he hopes he may Please you much better in some future day.

The *Times* he brought you, each recurring week, And of the *Times* he now desires to speak. Started as an enterprise, with fear That at the closing of the current year The balance sheet would show a loss so great,

As to determine speedily its fate;— Without the patronage and party aid To party papers liberally paid:— A literary journal, with but few Advertisements affording revenue; The first year passed, its patrons still increased,

Nor left its success doubtful in the least! And still, like Topsy, it more vigorous grew, As it approached the end of volume two! And volume four will be enlarged in size To prove the permanence of the enterprise! So in the coming years—as in the last, I'll bring you week by week a rich repast Gathered from far and near, and all designed

To entertain and educate the mind. And here in passing, I may also tell That *job work* can be executed well At the office of the *Times*; so well indeed That—to be very brief—I only need Call your attention to the well known fact That, "to keep up with the *Times*," is now the act

Most striven for—in truth, is the condition, Which fully satisfies most men's ambition.

But now a few words of the times at large, And here I feel that I but need take charge Of only few quite recent things:—so well Did every issue of our paper tell, What in the world at large had then transpired,

And furnished all the news could be required, (And some of you, you know right well, have boasted No other paper kept you so well posted,) That 'tis only what has happened since my round, Which in its weekly columns can't be found.

And first—the saddest thing I ever said— The great war secretary—Stanton's dead! The man to whom this nation doubtless owes Much more than history will e'er disclose, He who conceived, and organized, and planned The means and men, which under Grant's command, Brought victory and peace, and saved our land, Stanton! immortal name! while time endures A rescued nation's gratitude is yours!

The next event, which I need merely mention, Is the Papist's Ecumenical convention, Called to meet at Rome, and there decree— Perhaps—the Pope's infallibility; But what they've done, or what they yet may do, I know not to communicate to you.

But there's a council now much nearer home, Than the Ecumenical which sits at Rome; A literary council called and met Within our Court House, and in session yet— Our Superintendent, and his Cabinet. Their object, to improve our common-schools And furnish teachers with a set of Rules How best to educate the youthful mind— How much and many, may be well combined,

But, Patrons, like the year, I too must end. My kindest wishes I do herewith send, To all of you who at a distance live;— The rest I personally ask to give A dime, a quarter, even larger still, Unto most truly yours—the Carrier—

WILL.

## Miscellaneous News Items.

Mariposa, California, is excited at the marriage of a girl of 12 to a man of 45.

A railway train was struck by an avalanche on Mount Ceniz and thrown over a precipice.

A Pair of twins were recently born on a railroad train. Their mother said it always did make her sick to ride in the cars.

A negro girl, 14 years of age, is under arrest in Salisbury, Md., charged with killing an infant entrusted to her care, by giving it Kerosene oil in its milk.

A man in Concord, N. H., became insane on being told by his counsel that his wife would probably succeed in her application for a divorce.

The wife of a respectable citizen of Altona, Ill., was recently detected stealing apples from the cellar of a neighbor. She was dressed in male apparel when caught.

Burglars entered the Lumbermen's Savings Bank, in Bangor, Me., on Sunday night, but got nothing, the safe resisting all their efforts.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has returned to New Orleans armed with new weapons and supplied with abundant ammunition to resume hostilities against her adversaries in her celebrated suits.

Alonzo Sharp, a convict in the jail at Columbus, Ohio, took the smallpox and was sent to the pest house. He escaped therefrom, and now none of the officers seem inclined to look very sharp after this Sharp.

On Sunday evening, the 26th ult., Eastern California and Nevada were visited by the heaviest earthquake ever experienced in that section. It was felt over a large extent of country.

David Joseph, Cincinnati merchant, has been arrested and taken to New York, charged with obtaining \$60,000 worth of dry goods from Clafin & Co., of the latter city, by means of false representations.

A young man, named Case, playing with a carbine at Newton, Iowa, on the 19th ult., shot two boys. The ball entering the brain of one, killing him instantly, and into bowels of an elder brother standing by, who died soon after.

Two well-dressed young men entered a jewelry store in Fourth avenue, New York, on Christmas eve, asked to see some rings suitable for presents, and upon being shown a tray containing about two hundred and fifty dollars worth, knocked the storekeeper insensible and made off with the rings.

Martin McGuire, awaiting trial for the murder of his wife, last summer, hung himself in the jail at Hartford last week. He was to be tried this week. He left a letter, making requests about the disposition of his property and the care of his children.

Tipton (Ind.) young ladies have set their faces against young men who use tobacco, play billiards, euchre or poker, indulge in profane language, lager beer, whiskey or late hours.

Though we don't do any of these things, we would not object to them set their faces against ours, if they come one at a time.

Mr. George Mountjoy, one of the notorious Whiskey Ring, who has long been known to have been engaged in defrauding the revenue, was, last week, in the United States District Court, sentenced by Judge Cadwalader, to imprisonment for two years, and to pay a fine of three thousand dollars. In default of payment of this sum he is to receive an additional year in the penitentiary.

A stevedore named Robert Budd, while in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by the excessive use of liquor, entered an office in Galveston, Texas, on the 18th ult., and said, "I am going to kill myself." One of the attendants, supposing it was a joke, replied, "Well, go out of doors—don't make a dirt in her." He answered, "No, I'll do it here," and suiting the action to the word, sat down, placed the muzzle of a pistol to his mouth, and killed himself instantly.

A Christmas party of dancers, numbering about 200, at Greene, R. I., were precipitated from the second floor to the cellar by the floor giving away, the force being so great that the first floor gave way also. Several coal oil lamps went down with them, but were fortunately extinguished by the fall. The most remarkable part of the occurrence is that no person was killed, and only three or four badly injured. Nearly half an hour passed before the persons were all got from the ruins.

The lawyers, at least a select few of them, are just now going into ecstasies over a case which promises them a mint of money. In 1864, one Peter Calyer died at Greenpoint, and left a life interest in his farm to two of his sons, Peter and Jacobus. The property consists of over a hundred acres, which extends from Oakland street to the East river, and is now covered with most elegant residences. It seems that part of the property was disposed of by the Calyer sons and their children, without authority to sell, and now one of the sons brings a suit against the present holders for damages, and compensation for the use of the land since they have built upon it. It is said that the water front alone is worth over three million dollars.